



CAPSULA—





"Of all the mysteries, the one that intrigued me most was the one about certain places. Each one has its own sacred place."

**"De todos os mistérios, o que me intrigava mais era o de certos lugares. Cada um tem o seu lugar sagrado"**

**Pássaros em migração. Como se orientam?**

*Migrating birds. How do they orient themselves?*

Hemisfério Sul, outono de 2022 Southern Hemisphere, Fall 2022

have you ever lost the keys of your house?


What about losing access to whatsapp, facebook and instagram . if all of a sudden everything that is digital is "locked" and you are outside, how would you feel?

Feeling, seeing and reviewing reality allows us to imagine futures, what possibilities do we have?

Through observation and reports, Melisse's dimension is born, what this being invites us to reflect about?

quanto é realidade





*Capsules provide a convenient format for carrying substances in reliable dosages.*

Melisse is a cam-person. Not a girl, as they once were. They adopted a flower's name and adapted it to their gender identity, human, rare species. A flower's name because it is organic, and they like to preserve the abundant nature within them. Melisse opens the window, the daily and performative intimacy in exchange for bitcoins.

Melisse's job is to interact with people through artificial lighting screens.

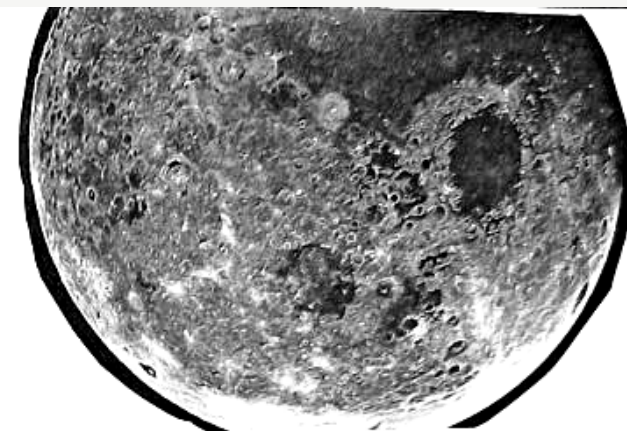
Not just people.

Nubia Cyborg, 123 years on planet earth. She chose to be named after a cloud because she likes nature. It was this admiration that conducted her through their cyborg transition. Becoming a hybrid, piecing together organic to cybernetic parts. To improve oneself through artificial technology to compensate the disaster caused by their ancestors since the early Anthropocene. Nubia as in a cloud, as acquired knowledge, available beyond her own organism, as we are in the same shared sky.

Nubia, such as a cloud, is watery, but just about enough.

Nubia Cyborg cannot get in touch with water, except for the fortnightly capsules she has to take. That's easier, right? Loads of advantages and disadvantages in becoming a cyborg. Like, losing your humanity.

<sup>1</sup> Anarcho-cyber currency that got coopted by economical speculation  
<https://bitcoin.org/en/how-it-works>

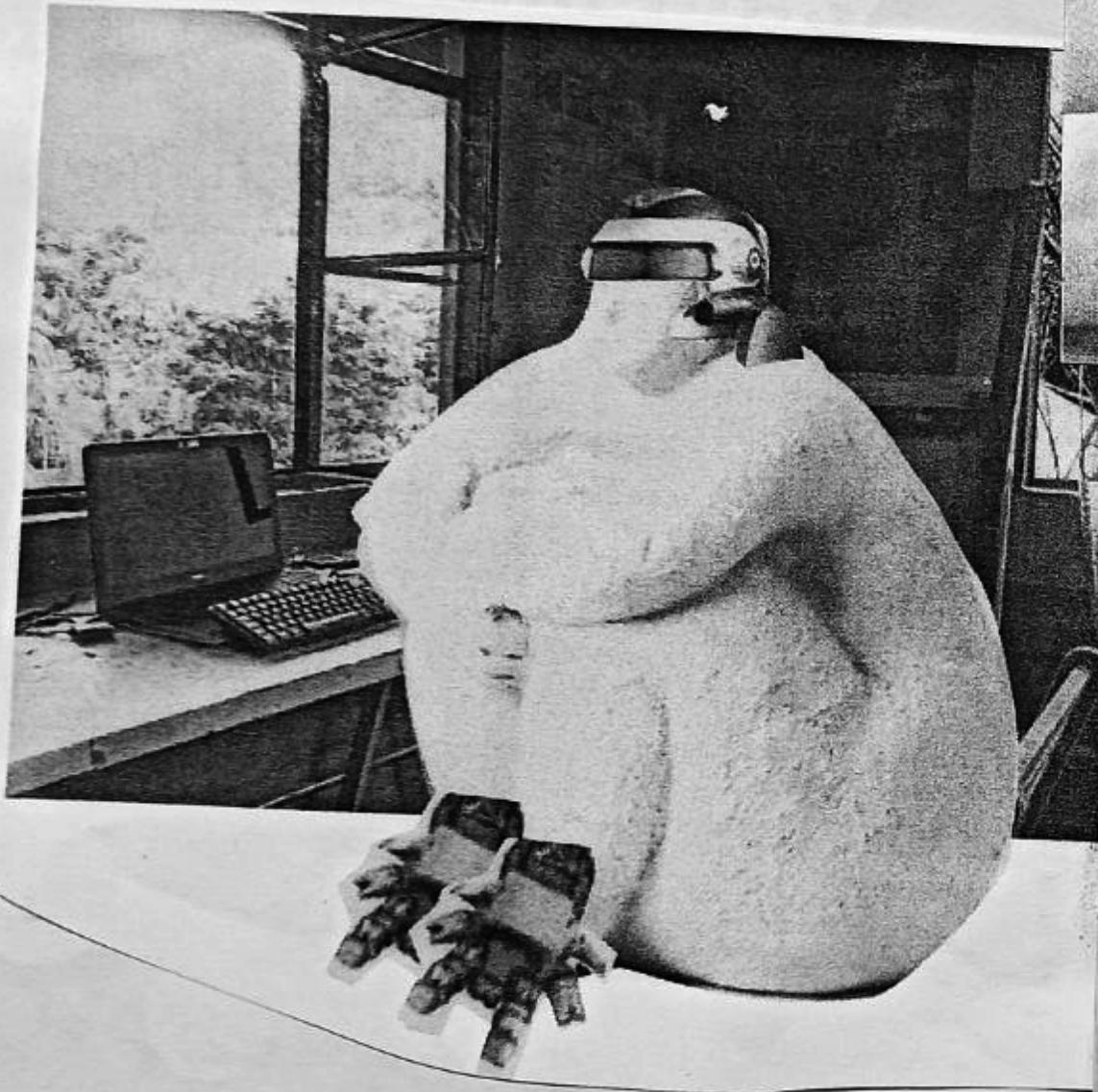


Tchyiuu is a Cyborg community located in South America. It occupies a small territory within the remaining 2% of preserved Atlantic Forest in the planet. Virtually doomed to extinction, as without it's other 98%, this biome gradually diminishes, ignoring all merely human efforts. It's residents are engaged in the search of new technologies for environmental preservation. The community offers touristic lodging through Airbnb, in addition to super wide group studies around the retro-manipulation of the matter: domestic spaces/organisms preservation, organic animals first-aid support and organic reproduction of hybrid animals, soil maintenance, mushroom-based bio-fuels, cyber-clitorian massage, photographic printing of truths in rocks, cyborg hyper-ventilation system maintenance, cannabic and plastic weaving, glass recycling, telepathic hacking, peace meditation between worlds.





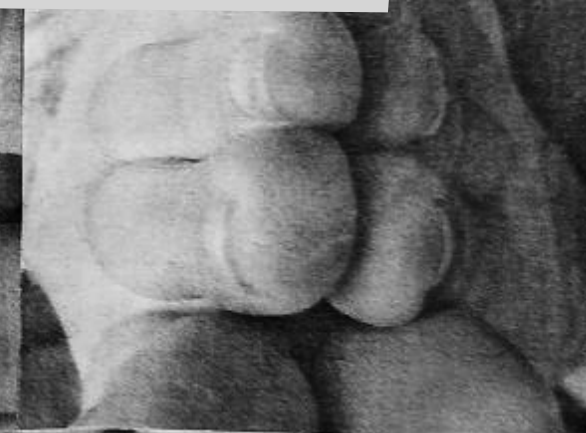
Work: still is the exchange of time and acquired knowledge for money, even though there is only 8% of the Atlantic Forest left.



Nubia Cyborg is one of Tchyuiuiu's inhabitants. She deviates 2% of her technological studies time to consume Melisse's services. Every thursday, at 5 past 50'clock, they meet at an online window.



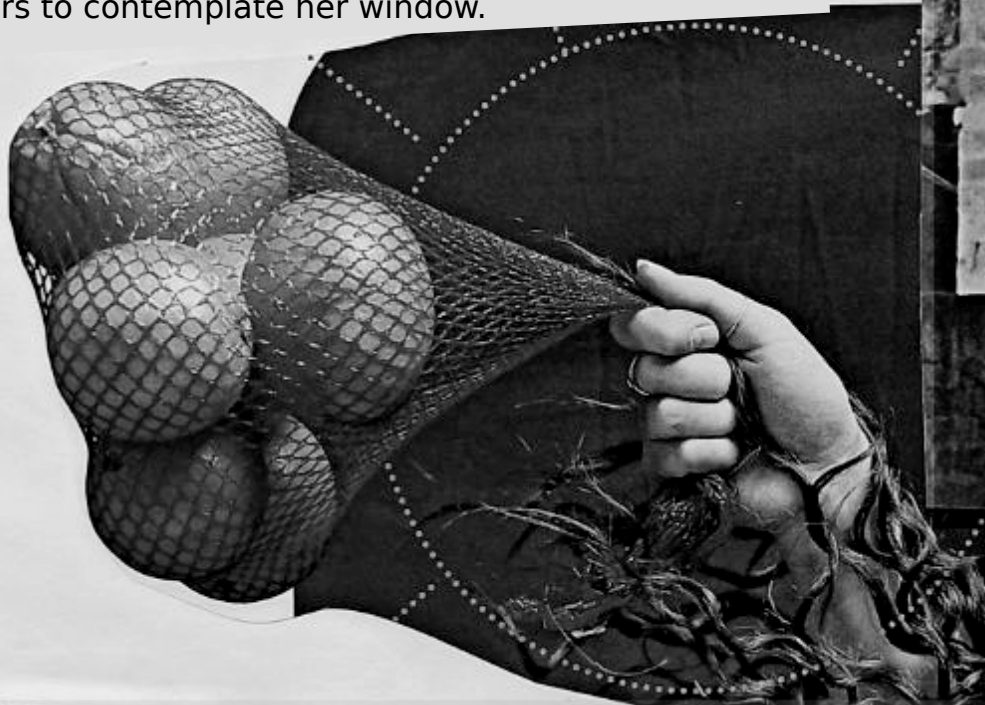
Melisse's performance is charged in bitcoins, which Melisse exchanges for the currency of whatever country they're in, which they exchange for food and local services, wherever they are, aside from inputs for the improvement of their work, wherever they are.



In each date, Melisse is in a different place. Their clothes vary between synthetic dominatrix leather to teddy bear printing pajamas, costumes -that interact in very unusual ways to the landscapes that transform their setting.

Parts of this setting changes, but others, such as the wooden chair at the center of the screen, the neon light to the left, car magazines hanging in a string line made of cotton, and the opening act, changes. And the opening act....Always the same opening act. They open their window with a reading about the V8 engine, performing it like a prayer. They leave the screen and quickly come back with a steaming cup of tea.

From then on, they are available, attending to requests that meet their desires, and the desires of those who watch them - given they pay for the offered bitcoin amount. The window stays opened to random online passersby, but Nubia prefers the numbers and scheduled hours to contemplate her window.



"Could you please come closer to the camera?" 10 bitcoins

"Could you take your socks off really slowly?" 20 bitcoins

"May I see a bit more of your hairy legs?" 20 bitcoins

"What is this tea you're drinking?" interaction

"What country are you in?" interaction

"Do you like swimming?" interaction

"Have you ever been in a relationship with a cyborg?" interaction

"Could you put on some music for me?" 5 bitcoins

"Will you dance for me?" 50 bitcoins

"I play the theremin" interaction

"I left my family when I was 17 years old"

"I quit my oceanography major"

"I like soup for breakfast"

"I like beige socks"

"I'm afraid of spiders"

"I'm afraid of loneliness"

"I cried a lot during a scene of Mirandópolis"

"I've never seen this movie"



"Today I was given chocolate"

"From whom?"

"... and then I put all my groceries in the trunk of the car, and when I went into the car, it's upholstery was torn, I looked at the dashboard and there was a sticker I didn't recognize, I looked around at the parking lot and my car was on the other side, I opened a different car by mistake, I took all my stuff in a hurry before someone arrived, I was embarrassed"

"These keys are a hazard"

"May I read you a beautiful passage by

Audre Lorde?"

"We went 3 days without electricity"

"My mom used to practice kung-fu"

"I burned my poetry notebooks"

"I was coming back from school when the twin towers went down"

"The law that forbids 21 different types of pesticides was approved"

"I had a cold"

"I am a part of the Tchiuiiu community, do you know it?"

"Within 132 days I'll be in a district nearby,

I would like to get to know"

"I will send you the link to our Airbnb website"

"That sounds great"

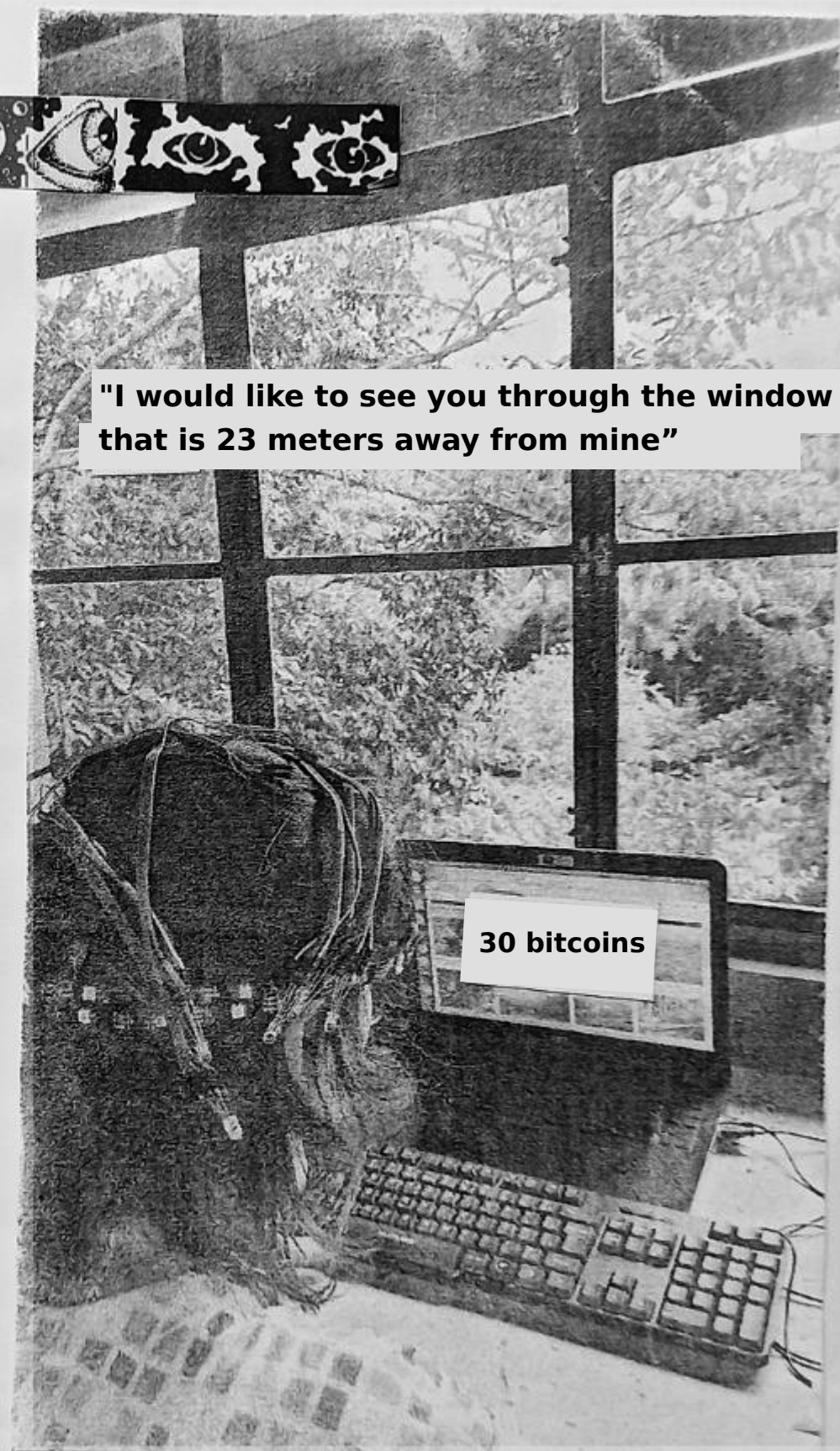
"We do not have physical contact with our guests"

"That sounds great"



"I would like to see you through the window that is 23 meters away from mine"

30 bitcoins



Reply Reply all Forward Delete Print Spam Mark More Previous Next

Re: ~~tomasaaa (la) (te) (ca)~~ - ZinExpress

From: ohostdeepweb@hotmail.com

on 2022-04-04 21:34

to: anamaria88@gmail.com

Details Plain text

NOME ANTERIOR  
DE MELISSE

\*Melisse's past name

QUERO 6.268,  
BITCOINS

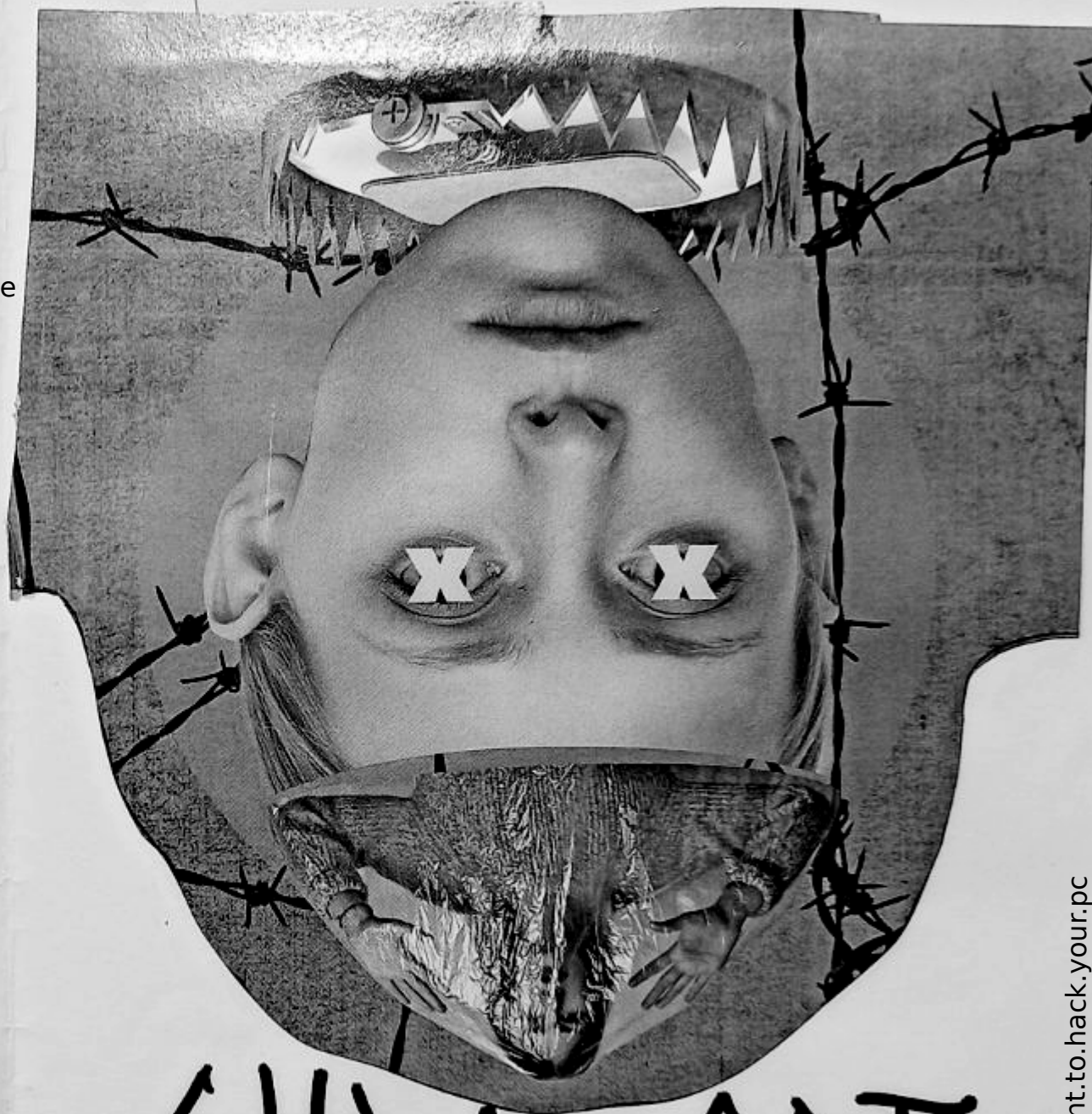
OU Encaminho

FOTOS E VIDEOS

PARA SEUS

CONTATOS

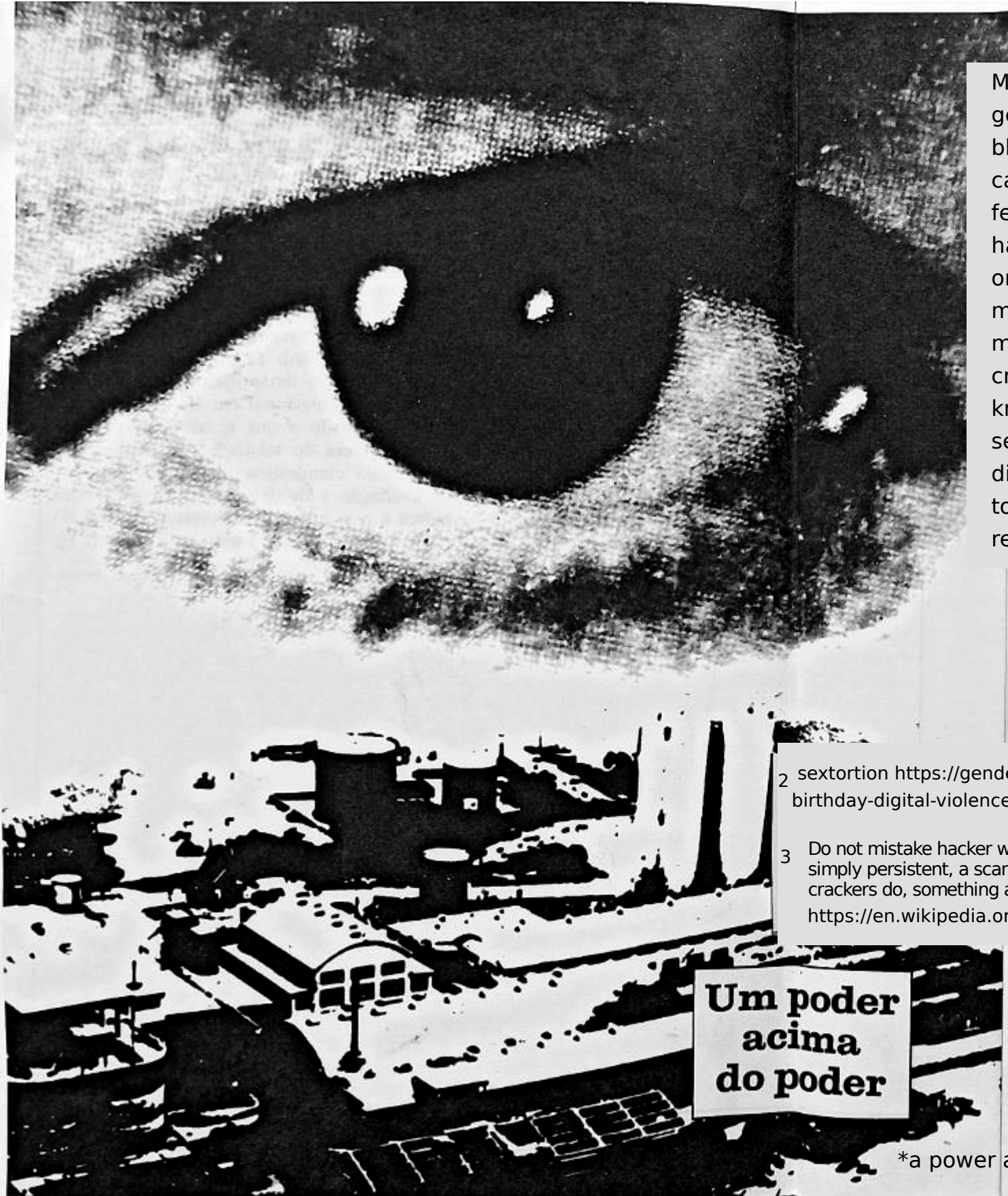
\*I want 6268 bitcoins , otherwise I forward the videos and photos to your contacts



SUDO APT  
QUERO. INVADIR. SEU. PC

\*sudo apt want.to.hack.your.pc





Melisse felt their human body freeze. How would they get all those bitcoins? What if they continued to be blackmailed?<sup>2</sup> Would their source of income as a private camera be threatened? They felt disgust, anger. They felt fear. Before thinking about the consequences of having their data stolen, they accessed their account on their cell phone. They had some bitcoins, but no more than enough to hold up until the next influx of money. They couldn't give it away, but what if the cracker<sup>3</sup> had broken into their account and already knew they had money there? What had that person seen about them? And now everyone would know their digital secrets. They understood that they had no way to send the bitcoins. Fuck it. Taken by a humanly reactive courage, they send the following message to

<sup>2</sup> sextortion <https://genderit.org/feminist-talk/my-sextortion-birthday-digital-violence-during-covid-19>

<sup>3</sup> Do not mistake hacker with cracker. Poor hacker, they are simply persistent, a scam like this is something crackers do, something a thug would do, a cybernetic criminal would do. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Security\\_hacker#Cracker](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Security_hacker#Cracker)

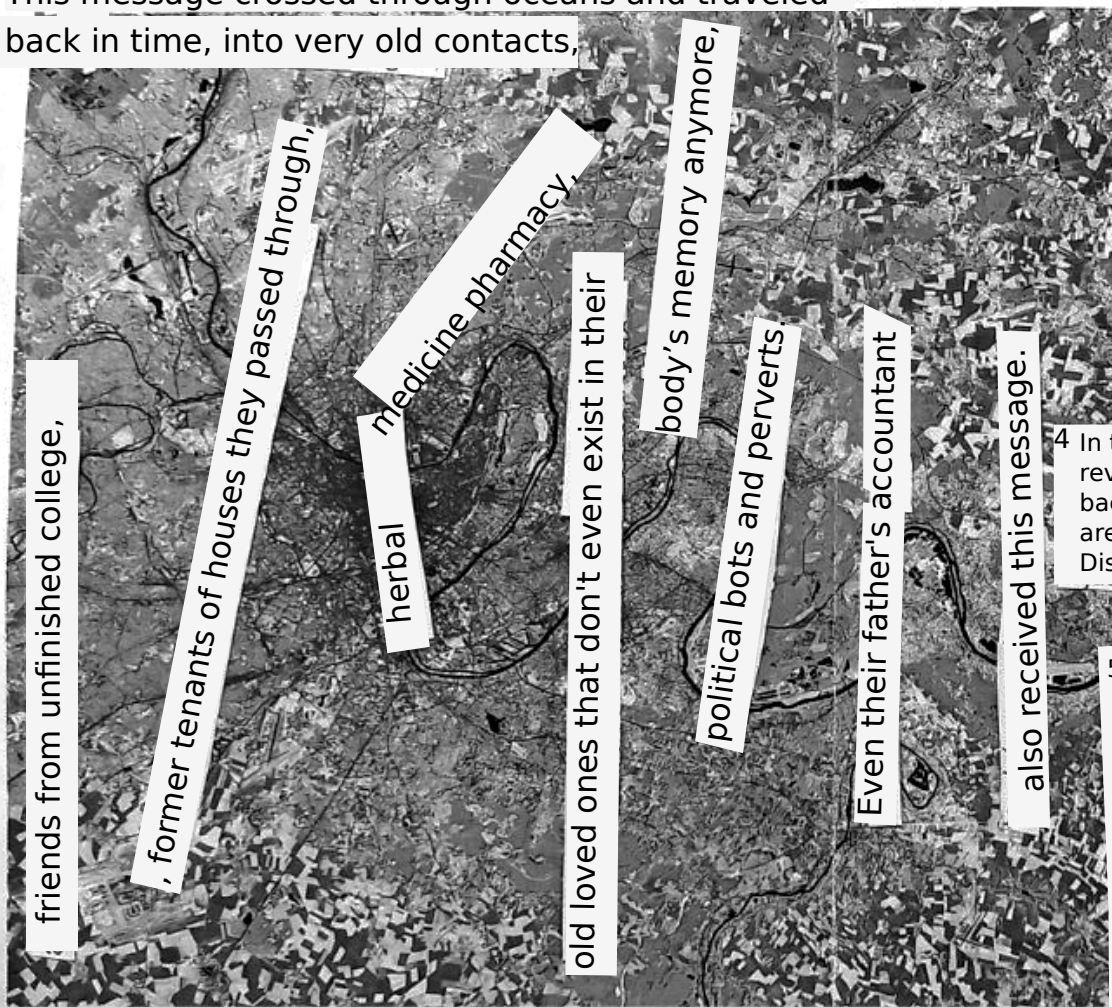
**Um poder  
acima  
do poder**

\*a power above the power

Reply Reply all Forward Delete Print Spam Mark More Previous Next

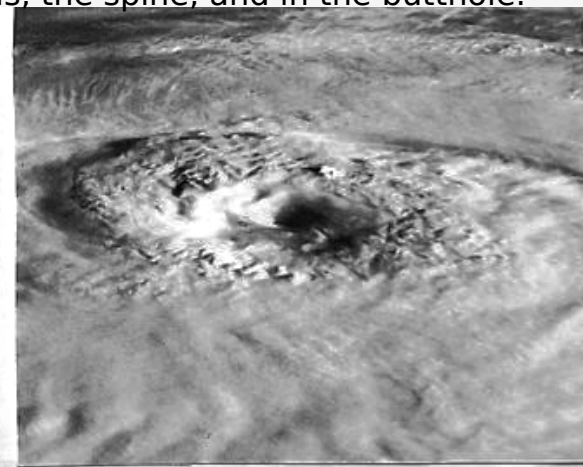
"Loved ones and not-so-loved ones. You may soon receive content that is considered socially inappropriate. I'm sorry for those who don't like this kind of thing, this warning offers you the possibility of not opening the message. For those who prefer to open it, feel free to have fun. That's the way it is."

This message crossed through oceans and traveled back in time, into very old contacts,



Regretful of their impulsive gesture, they lowered the notebook screen, as if they were closing an espionage gap<sup>4</sup>. They knew that closing their machine wouldn't solve the problem, but that way they felt safer. Lying on the floor, Melisse allowed themselves to ignore the dynamics of data sharing and repeated to themselves that they could live disconnected.

For a brief moment, they forgot about the cloud, the acquired knowledge available beyond their body, what had been shared, and closed themselves in the eyes, the fists, the throat, the nostrils, the spine, and in the buttohole.



<sup>4</sup> In the same way that sleeping after breaking a china vase will not reverse reality by making the vase stick back together on its own shutting down your computer because you are possibly being the victim of a cyberattack will not reverse it. Disconnect it from the Internet and seek help.

<sup>5</sup> I have been violated...my avatar has suffered an attack that reverberates in my being, the virtual reality is as real as my body's reality. When I'm attacked in my body, my sense of observation expands and begins to look around my surroundings, seeing my lurking attacker. My virtual is as real as reality, and so, an attack suffered there reverberates in my head in such a way that each click makes it seem as if I'm pressing this attacker's bell. Every gesture observed, every action monitored. Then I realize, paranoia, where fear paralyzes and does not serve as an ally, I remind and ask myself : "Stop! This is paranoia"



They would also shut their email account and all of their other accounts with a close person's help.

They longed for having a hologram to replace them to go out on the street the next day, but they couldn't afford it.

They went in their own body.

To do this,

they had to share their secret passwords,

open their intimacy, as they imagined the hacker would open it.

Everything is so different when there is consent

that they gladly opened up.

They were led like a sensitive bat

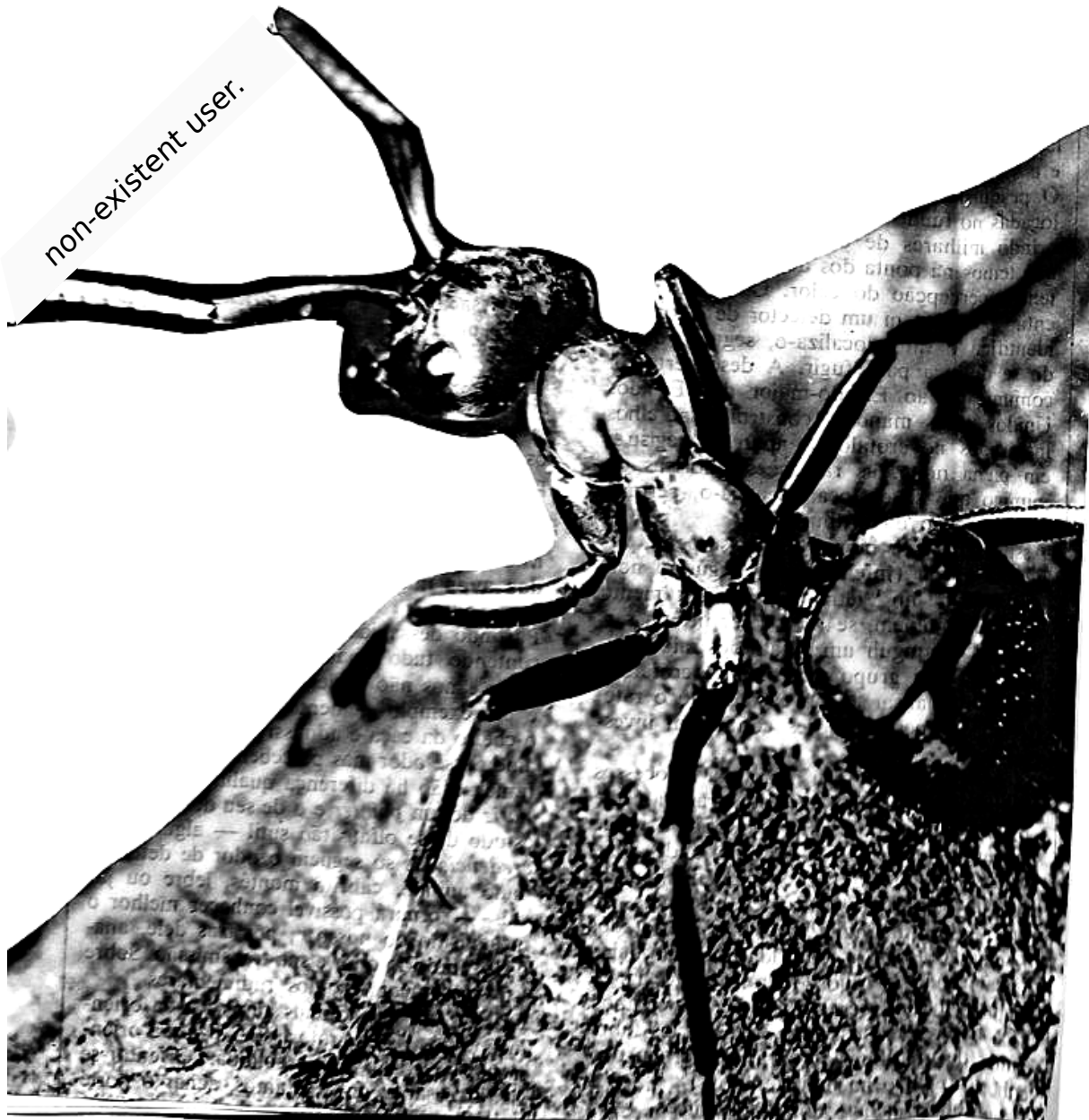
to the county of amazon hackers who offered support for women and dissidents who were victims of cyber-crime.

## THUS, MELISSE LEFT THE DIGITAL WORLD

A lot of things had been left behind, among them the Airbnb scheduling with Nubia. Melisse was used to traveling light. They were nomadic and detached, but they felt in their body the wound from the attack to their digital memories.



Nubia felt a soft warm up in her data transmissions. It was Thursday, 5 past 5o' clock, and they were not there, something was wrong. She searched for Melisse in the Airbnb community:



Her previous Airbnb account appointments were still there, except for Melisse's...

The data space that should have been freed was flooded with disconnected scenes embraced by human emotions not yet algorithmized, and she experienced human essences that the routine in Tchyuiuiu had made her forget. Nubia was frustrated, confused: perhaps rejected? How did this disconnection occur? Did Melisse lose interest, did she feel afraid, was she bored? Or had something wrong happened? Nubia was frustrated. Her processing sped up registering this new variant-sensation, which was immediately reported to an advanced cyborg studies center for the recovery of the planet's biodiversity.



CONTROLLING HUMAN BEHAVIOR IS THE KEY TO RECOVERING THE EARTH'S BIODIVERSITY, they say, LET THE EARTH TAKE CARE OF ITSELF.

In the middle of this transmutation of feelings, cataloged stimuli rapidly move Nubia's hormones into a brief journey into hatred, which results in two more emotions: evolved obstinacy and a not-yet-controlled desire for revenge.

Nubia, the scorpio cyborg, records:

I AM GOING TO FIND MELISSE .

Lack of information opens varied windows, high processing spin, overloaded operating system, failures, and activated paranoia management.

Hypothesis of communication interception by a third party for the purpose of harming cyborg well-being.

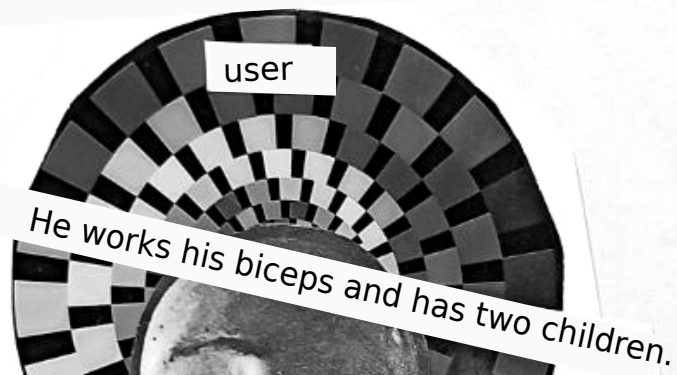
Her frustration had to have a reason, and cross-checking led her to a suspect. A suspect that at some point used the command :

`sudo apt will.hack.your.pc`

in a attempt of a simplistic scam for people with little knowledge on the matter. The fact had raised him as a suspect, but it was his dirty data as a cyborgophobe that declared him **WRONGLY** guilty.



Enrico is a hairy-chested man, a user of mass technologies.



He is proud of his humanity and considers himself a rare item.

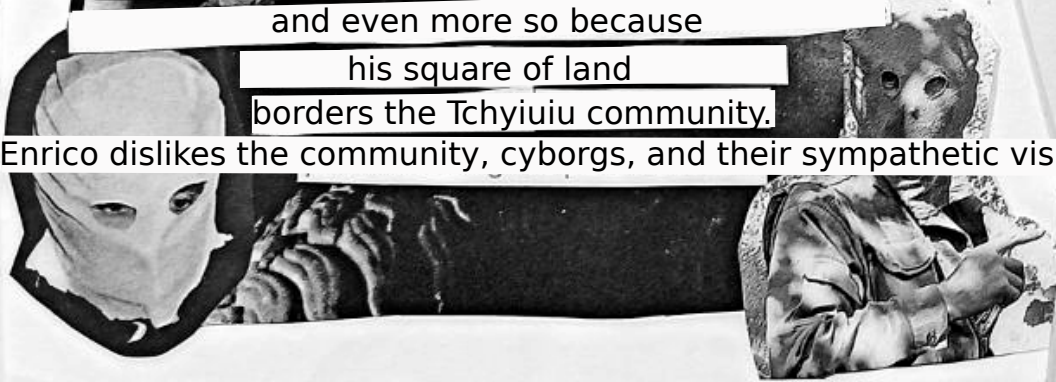
He has an immense aversion to the cyborg race.

He is disgusted by cyber-reformed bodies, and is against  
he new social structures that place cyborg strength and virtuosity  
at the top of social relations.

He feels his family is threatened by this model,  
and even more so because

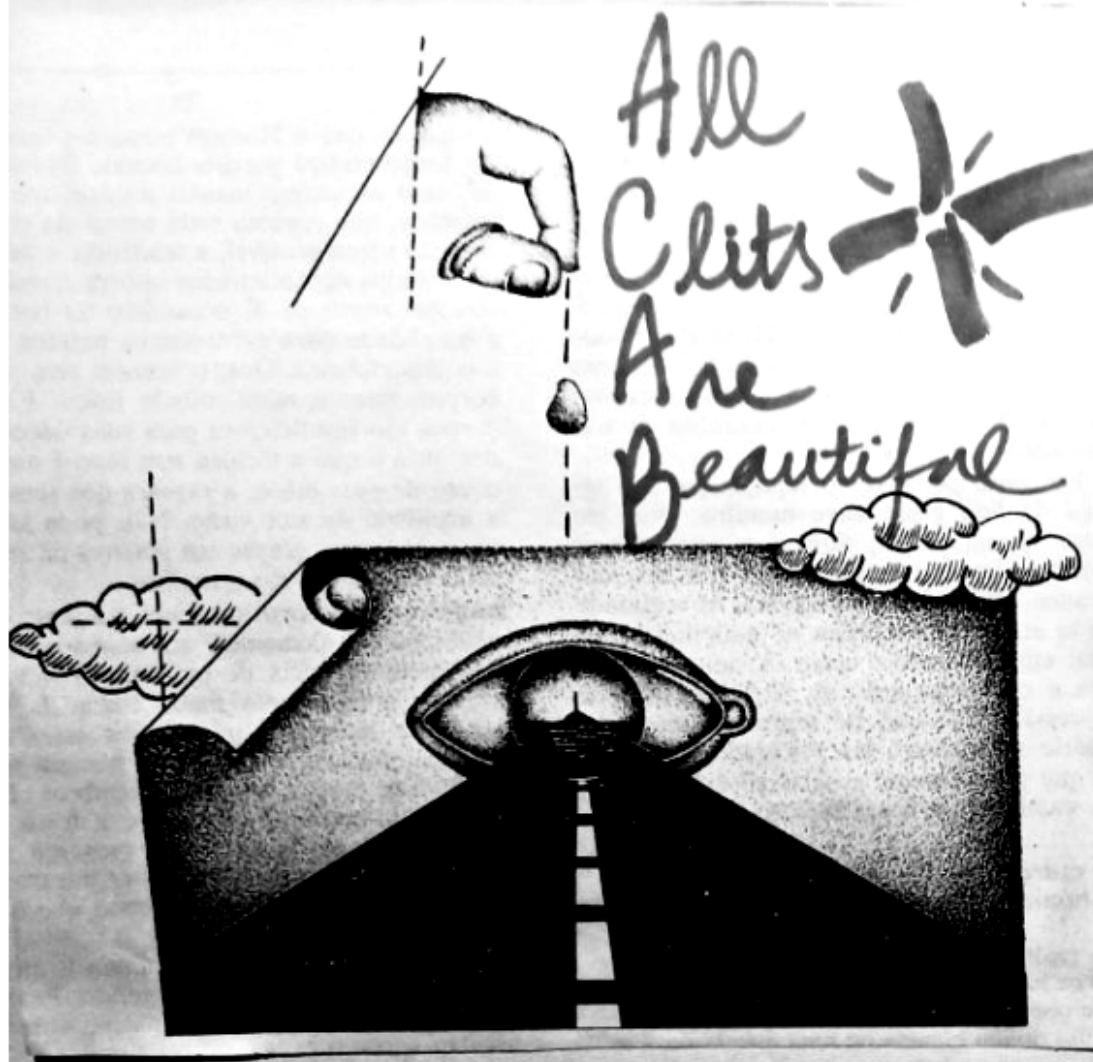
his square of land  
borders the Tchiuiuu community.

Enrico dislikes the community, cyborgs, and their sympathetic visitors.



He has applied numerous analog practices to boycott the community and its sources of income. He has organized demonstrations for his rights to conserve his territory as a human being integrated to nature. Cyborgs were not nature, they were diabolical freaks. He has spread posters, thrown eggs, done scenographic witchcraft to scare people, cut electricity supply wires, and tried to infect the fortnightly water capsules with salmonella. Seven months ago, Enrico tried to change the directions of an attack stimulated by a right-wing guru, and started to test small hacks, and soon glimpsed an attack on his great enemy: the Tchiuiuu community. Sweating in his mustache and balls, for three seconds he had access to something on a black screen with words he couldn't understand. He shut down the computer, appeased with the fact that this was a scam beyond his control. He turns off the computer and returns to the tactical physical-presential-analogical plans.





He shut down the computer, appeased with the fact that this was a scam beyond his control. He turns off the computer and returns to the tactical physical-presential-analogical plans.

But... Nubia Cyborg processed this story without the addition of the last piece of data: Enrico's dropping out. In Nubia's understanding, the disappearance of Melisse's email was directly connected to Enrico's willingness to boycott the Tchiuiiu community.

Although she was a Cyborg,

she was still within time's and emotion's materiality,

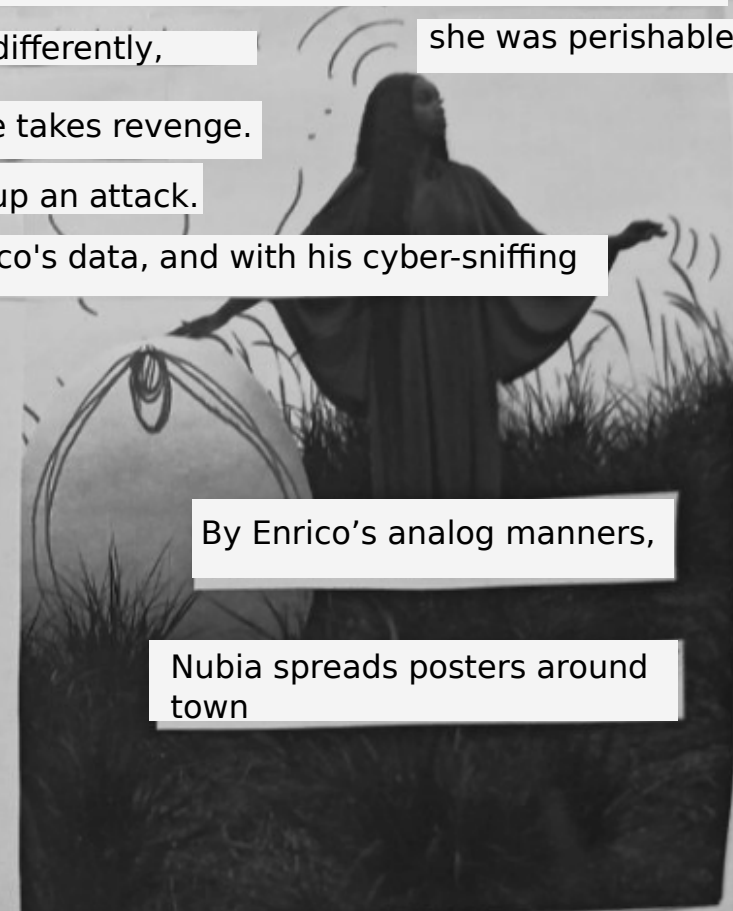
and, even if differently,

she was perishable

So, she takes revenge.

Sets up an attack.

He breaks into Enrico's data, and with his cyber-sniffing



By Enrico's analog manners,

Nubia spreads posters around town

Although Nubia exposed this criminal's nudes, in the vast majority of cases of those who suffer from this are women, from trusting in an intimate relationship with someone who records or photographs them (sometimes with consent and sometimes not) and then exposes the details without their permission. This is a common cause of suicide among teenagers and it invites us to debate on how and with whom we might open ourselves up in such an intimate way.

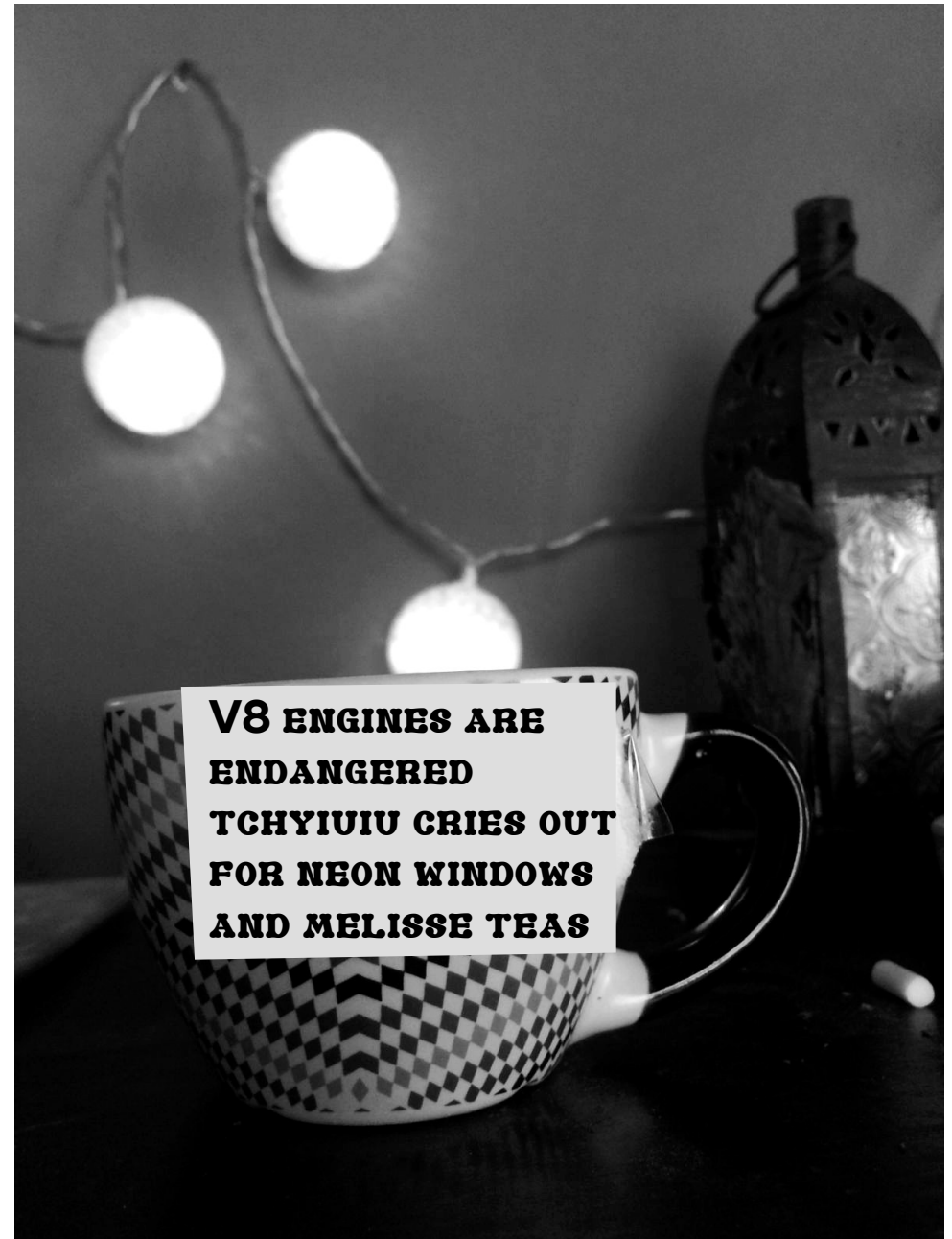


**FOR THE RIGHT TO BE LEFT ALONE IN  
THE PRESERVATION OF ITS MONUMENT.**



Obstinacy. She uses algorithms to her advantage to go viral with the following message:

But Melisse's window remains all black, shut down.



The amazon hackers advised them about the email being a possible bluff in the face of the presented facts<sup>7</sup>. Melisse left the promise of disconnection

from their screens a week later.

During their recovery,  
still a bit afraid to open the window

They searched for vegan dessert recipes  
to sell while they didn't return  
to their work in front of the small  
low-resolution  
camera

The first few times they raised the screen up to 90 degrees,  
difficult feelings came up and they felt like closing it again.

Like an exercise

90 degrees and shut down

8 days later

90 degrees and shut down

7 days later

90 degrees and shut down

5 days later

90 degrees and shut down

2 days later

90 degrees and back to social media

135 added contacts and they are faced with the campaign that had  
gone viral

subliminal message from the  
cyborg - beloved? -

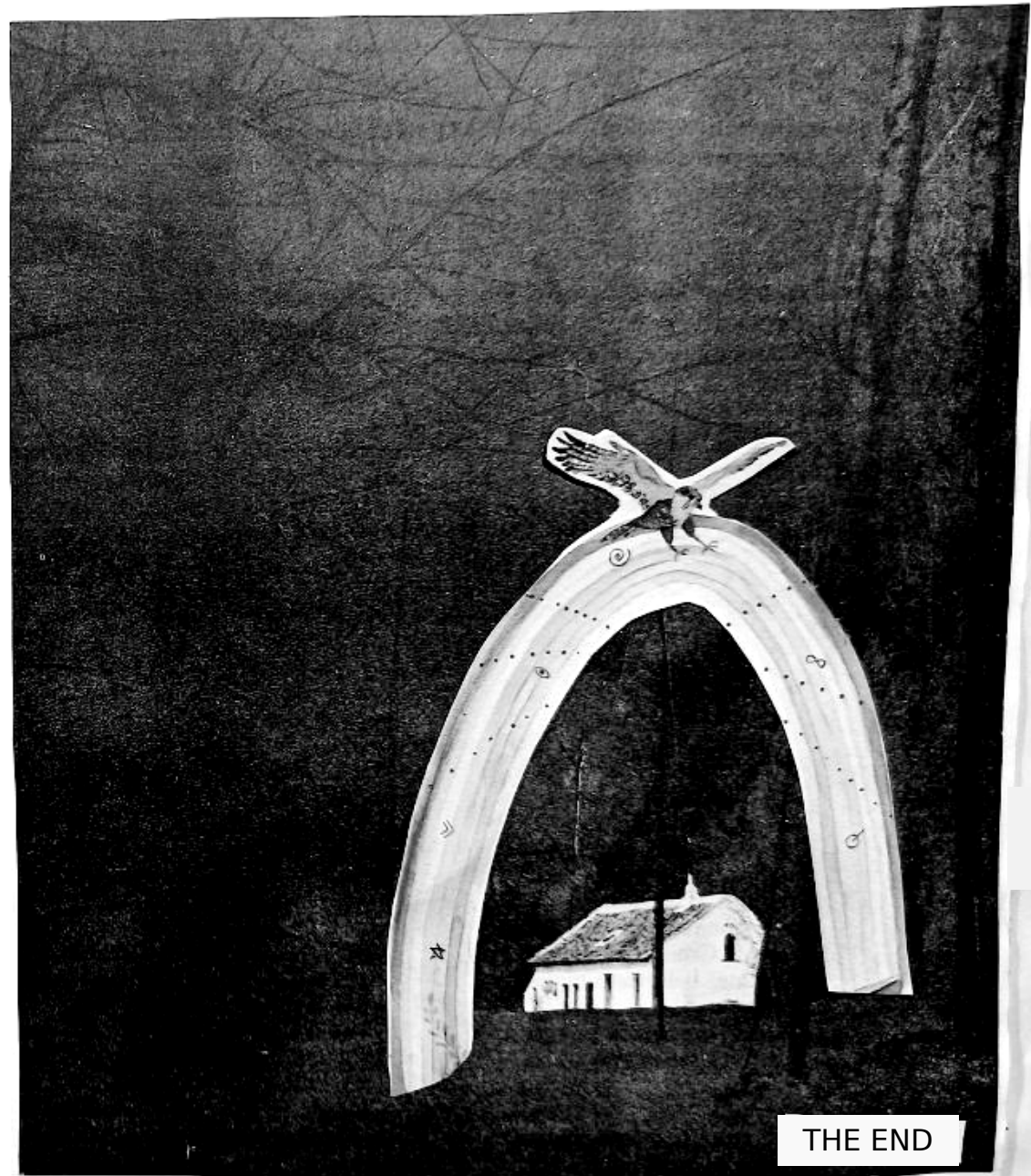
<sup>7</sup> Receiving an email where someone says they have all your credentials, that they can expose you on the internet and thus end your life, could simply be someone throwing a bait, but we should analyze all information with an active critical point of view, remembering that the possibility of someone breaching our online security is possible. For example, ransomware is a type of attack where they "lock" our online information and keep the key, in such a way that, if you want to have access to it again, you need to pay for the ransom, but if you have a back up copy of everything, you don't need to worry, let them have the key, you'll still have access to your data; unlike account hijacking, where people with influence on Instagram, for example, have their accounts hijacked and are threatened to only access them again upon payment, according to the attackers... well, there are different ways to regain access. When in doubt, always have a copy of all the data you consider important in your life and keep an eye on your passwords: just like our skin, it is the first layer of protection against external agents.

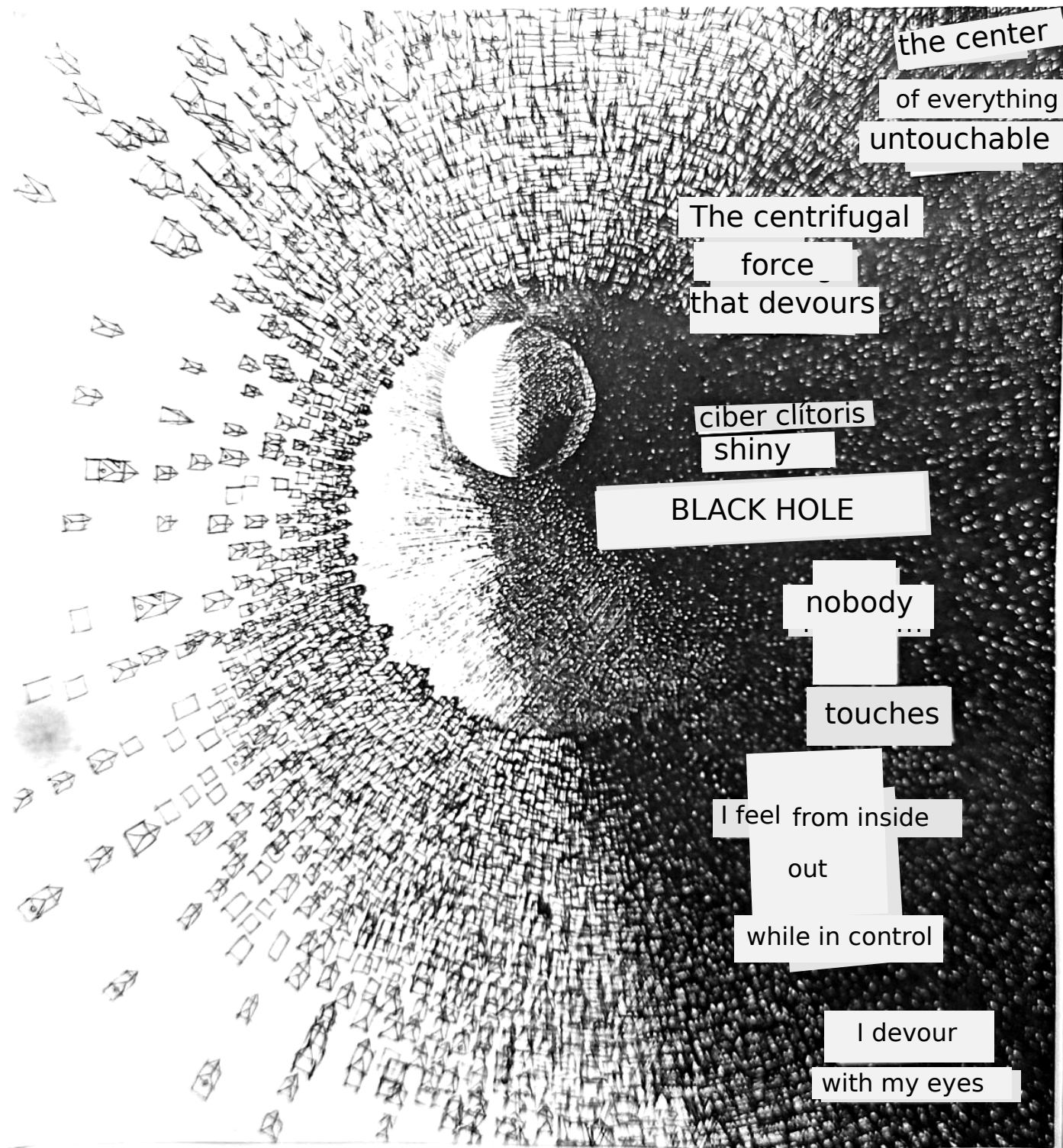


Melisse opens themselves up again.



Melisse takes back their dance of life in Tchyuiuu. Through the virtual window, through the 23-meter analogical window, there is a re-debut show, it is special. There is always a wooden chair at the center of the screen, a neon light to the left, old car magazines hanging on a red string line made of cotton. They start the meeting with a reading about the V8 engine as if it were a prayer, leaves the screen, and comes back quickly with a cup of tea steaming up. From then on, they are available, answering requests that meet their desires and the amount of bitcoins offered, in this case, starting at 30.





the center  
of everything  
untouchable

The centrifugal  
force  
that devours

ciber clitoris  
shiny

BLACK HOLE

nobody

touches

I feel from inside  
out

while in control

I devour  
with my eyes